MILK

11th

Dear Mr. Aardwolf,

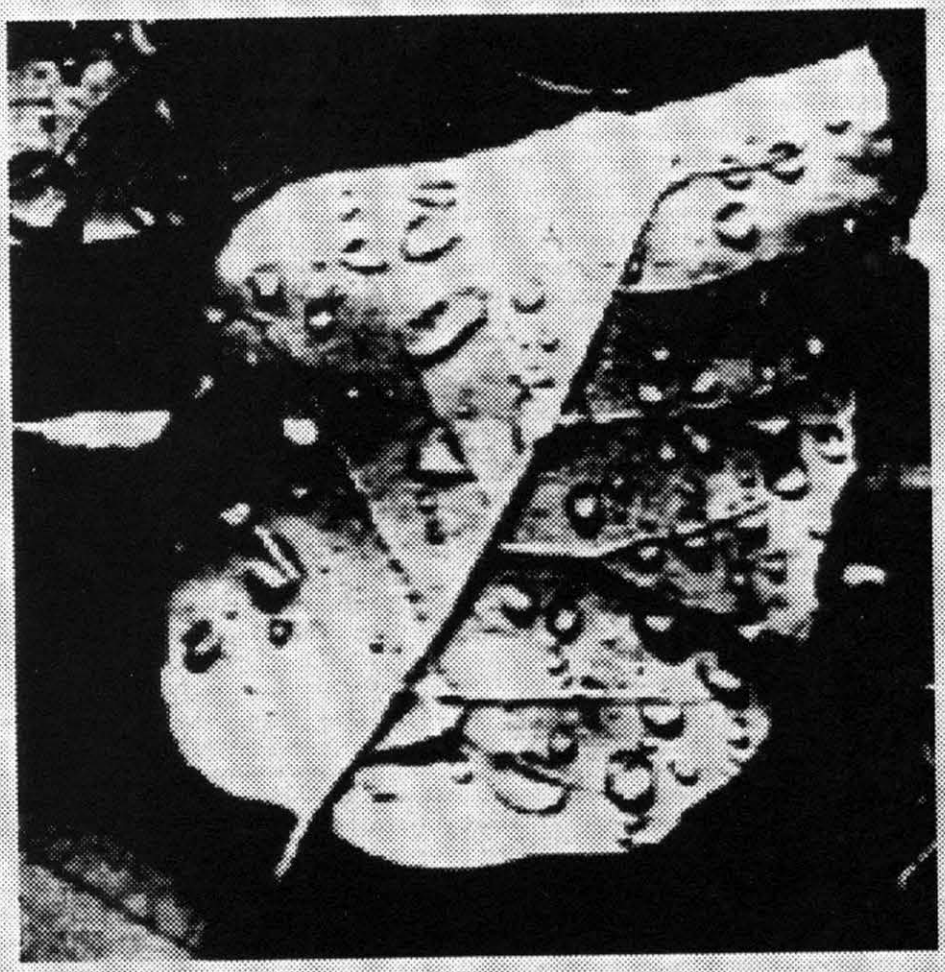
My new coat is hairy.

Sincerely,

Aba Cabretta

Mailman Bites Horse

In a bizarre twist of teeth, a New Jersey mailman was impaled on a popsicle trucks' stick-shift. The stick-shift at the towns' Public Works building claimed ~~that~~ they had no knowledge of the event and a gold mine in East Mckeastport, Maine. The mailman's new jersey was red anyway. It read "KILL ALL DOGS". Apple computers were immediately installed on the set of the old "Dick Van Dycke ~~Show~~", we think, as it was supposedly in ~~a good school~~ New Rochelle (a good school district). The ~~impaling~~ stick-shift could not be reached for comment. This was reported by the mounted policeman whose horse was nipped ~~that~~ horses ~~reported~~ wound required 4 stiches, and got 'em; but, before the mailman's death were removed. This festering tale might go on in perpetuity, which replaces the Dick Van Dycke show on channel 43 tonight. CLICK.



DEAR KRIS,

I regret having to inform you **by letter** that your application to join THE SISTERS OF THE SPAZZY HEAD GEAR has been rejected. I'd like to reject **your** application in person. I realize that this is a major dissapointment for you as it is for any young woman of this universe, but frankly my dear that's tough.

Actually, we received no application from you and are extremely pissed. Any self-respecting chick would beg or even pay big bucks to join THE SISTERS OF THE SPAZZY HEAD GEAR, but **you** have rejected **all** of the psychic messages we have sent...for the last 25 million years!

Do you really think that you are too good to wear the chartreuse, puce, maroon and day-glow orange body paint of THE SISTERS OF THE SPAZZY HEAD GEAR? I would hope not!

I can't believe you would pass up this opportunity to serve your fellows. Just last week we, THE SISTERS OF THE SPAZZY HEAD GEAR, served martinis to the rodents at the WANED BRAIN HOME FOR RETIRED, MANGY CHIPMUNKS. You may have been given the prestigious job, reserved for the **cutest novice**, of snatching olive pits from those chipmunks with real teeth. I am sad to say that we didn't have enough sisters present to prevent many of the toothed, mangy, old rodents from chewing up and swallowing their olive pits. This resulted in several cases of severe gastro-intestinal upset. One of the recently retired chipmunks let out a tiny, yet piercing scream and vomited on my ruby slippers.

So, you can see that we do need help and I must say that we are still considering the possibility of allowing you to join our order. Please reapply soon. We, THE SISTERS OF THE SPAZZY HEAD GEAR, would be overjoyed to have you as a member. In fact, I personally guarantee that the honored title of **cutest novice** will be given to you upon your arrival at the convent.

...Actually, dear applicant, I am the **last** of THE SISTERS OF THE SPAZZY HEAD GEAR and I'm really quite lonely. I didn't mean to be harsh with you when I rejected your pitiful application to join our **proud** order....What I mean to say is that I excuse you for not applying and beg you to visit us soon at the convent...

That's...
THE CONVENT OF THE SISTERS OF THE SPAZZY HEAD GEAR
Route 1
Mayfield, Nebraska 66911

Yours Truly,
Sister Guido Bertrill

Sister Guido Bertrill

Stacking Magnets - cowboy poetry 12/5/88

His lips are sealed. His ways are crude.
That's how he is...a dead end dude.

He's the sweetest one...who helps you cry,
a non-judgemental no-threat guy.
He appears with wisdom at his side,
and charm (but that's his way to hide).

So out of place, or so it seems
when you listen to his dreams.

Oh, don't be fooled! We're all the same.
It's easy to pick up the game.

Now, when you find a man you like,
Please...tell him to take a hike.
And take a powder. You leave, too!
And know!..we all pay dead end dues.

KANSAS DAY

11 dozen

132 years ~~young~~

×34 th state — the trivium quadrivium state

34 → State Number

22 half dozen

44 88 — Piano Keys

Do Re Mi Fa So La Ti Do

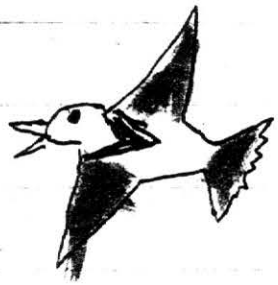
33 Presidential terms

Double Double Toil and Trouble

44 ×3

To the Stars ... Through Difficulty

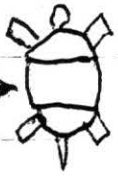
Sunflower — State Flower



find the turtle in the museum (See under foot)

BOX TURTLE

(3) ventral plates (hinged)



(4) legs

KANSA SANDHILL - 17 march '90

Cranes were north,
and cranes were south.

The great grey birds
were only sky
to men who'd come to see her
flying.

We crawled along beneath
grey bison clouds.

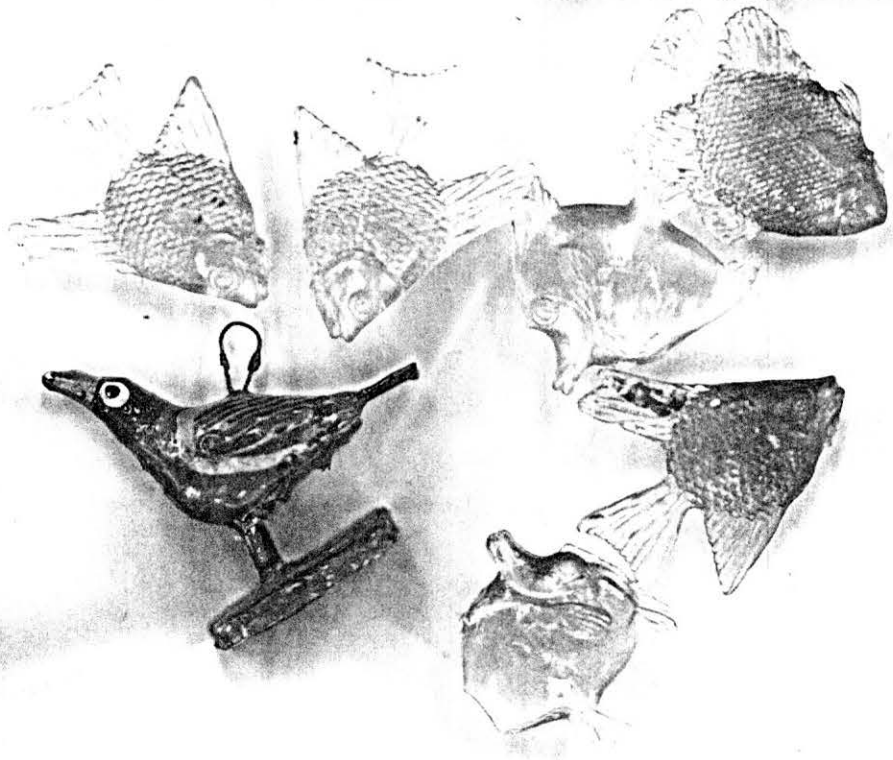
"Your Flying Bird
will not be found."
those steely clouds
called down.
Called cold down upon us...

We rush to hide
and hug ~~dry grass~~
dry grass on wet ground

Our eyes fall
to years of silent waiting
and hunger drives us
to the town...

where great grey birds
were seen
in the caged cats' eye
and the bound, wild eagles' angry scream

The cranes were north
and cranes were south
but the great grey birds were only sky
to us... the great grey birds were only sky.



PARTNERS IN LEARNING
200 STRONG HALL

The University of Kansas

Memorandum

DATE: 1/27

TO: Jacob Jésus Escapé

FROM: KRIS

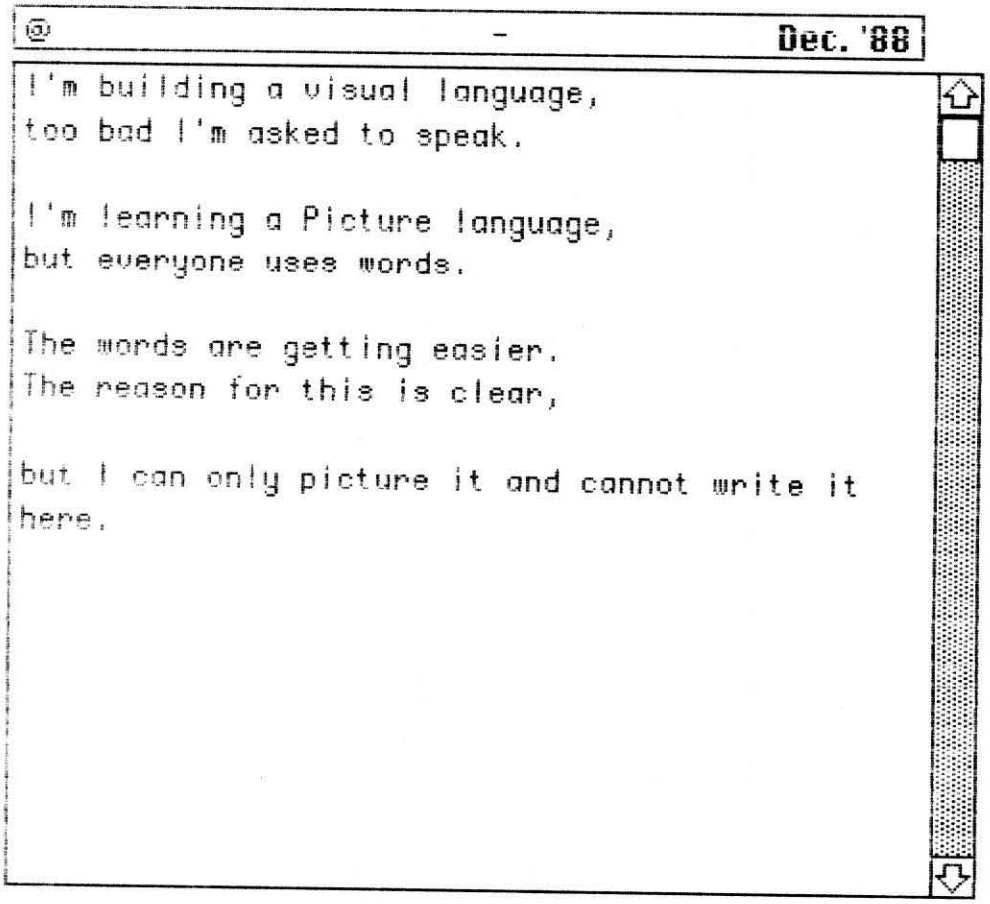
SUBJECT: ORIGINS OF LIFE

MR JAKE -

WHERE DO SNAILS COME FROM?

SHELLS

JAN 2


@
-
Dec. '88
I'm building a visual language,
too bad I'm asked to speak.
I'm learning a Picture language,
but everyone uses words.
The words are getting easier.
The reason for this is clear,
but I can only picture it and cannot write it
here.

The great dog pissed down from the sky showing us a productive area with its stream. When we reached the valley of plenty our noses were full with a powerful and rich scent, we saw the sky dog running at the west wind. The fox, coyote and wolf followed the great dog ~~even our hunting animals left with the others~~ leaving their livelyhood for us. Our hunting animals went with them so we were afraid for a time. We had followed their noses as they now followed sky dog... to find life.

Kicking Rodent said they must go to a better land with game that combusts and cooks itself when frightened but Kicking Rodent is crazy and we love him. Killing Bird said they followed the Sky Dog to a place where thought fed. This seemed more likely, but we only knew that we must ~~set up our camp~~ make our home here, in the place Great Dog had shown us. We were frightened at the strong, musty odor of the place. When we'd set up camp, a great driving rain came. We squatted in our tents and thought as we watched the fire, that the sky dog created aroma was a good diet,

that of one who eats rabbits fattened on wild asparagus and onions. We also knew that the heavy rain would freshen the air. Noone examined the sky when Thunder bird called a gentle were the cooing rumbles, we knew no danger was being foretold in her lilting flashes. The rytlim of thunder sent us dreaming into new expansive land.

I am Corvidae. My name evokes laughter among my people and means something not understood. The closest translation in this language is Green Corn. Ugh

When we woke up this morning, a strong urge summoned us into the fresh frightening trees. A tide of wind rolling through the spruce washed our minds clean. Only when the wet needles summoned forth the pungent odor of our urine mixing with that of the sky dog did we realize we were in our new home. Every morning was fresh and historic...Religious.

"What is the relevance?" asked Goose Dog.

He asked this as we gathered around Kicking Rodent's burnt tent. Kicking Rodent was dead. Black-faced and smiling with pearl teeth in his smoking buffalo robe. We each beat over his

smoking corpse and robe, speaking meaningless words until we coughed.

Killing Bird – Chair green spirit sitting in hairy laughter, aspirate vomitous fortuitously pig latin AAAAAAAAAAAA. Kheh Khuk

Wick Water Node – Mites and gut flora transcend parition economicaltally and nomeclaturadically sound boooooo oooooooo ah ah ah eeeeeeeee. Kheh khuh

Ten Peters – Challahgotthah goooo
Challahgotthah goooo Kheh Khoohkhoo

Winking Moon – Lie down with kin not know true state of die for not say one syllable. Kheh.

Corvidae – when man flies ~~out~~ his spirit can live and ~~his~~ dream a great sucking sound is heard. Kheh

Crypto Jew Berry – I am meat. I am meat. Khaw! Khook! Khuk!

Kicking Rodent – Psssssssehhssshpphhcohhhtssskhq!
It was done.

Usually, finding the sacred burial ground in a new land is a torturously tedious and political affair, but we were lucky. It had come to pass that Kicking Rodent had discover the good place and noone could argue.

We moved out into the brush on our first hunting expedition. Herds of rabbits grazed on lush grass. They slurped it up greedily making a strange mmmming sound.

We fried the grass. It was very good, better than rabbit. We became Grassouts, the Indian word for vegetarians. Deer showed us which twigs were crispy and sweet. The woodchucks showed us where the Bethlehem Broccoli grew, or something like that. Squirrels, stuffed with nuts, fell from the trees.. regurgitating a nutritious butter. Life was good.

Occassionally we would eat an animal that was so fat it could no longer move, but mostly we ate the abundant and succulent undergrowth and became well nourished.

Life was good but something was missing. The thrill of the chase, the danger of being eaten or starving was gone. We were bored and invented ART, this is the Indian word for thinking about things in a way that pisses off nerds. It was great fun, but Goose Dog moved away.

When this happened a great storm came and our hunting dogs returned. The howl of the wolf returned and the land became brown. We still found Bethlehem Broccoli, but became omnivores again and nomads, travelling under the dog sky and waiting for the brief art time to come again.

This time we would be ready to show.

CONgratuLAtionS!
Ms Kristina Hermanson,

Your application for the position of Head Mind Repair Technician has been thouroughly gone over and we have decided to offer you the job.

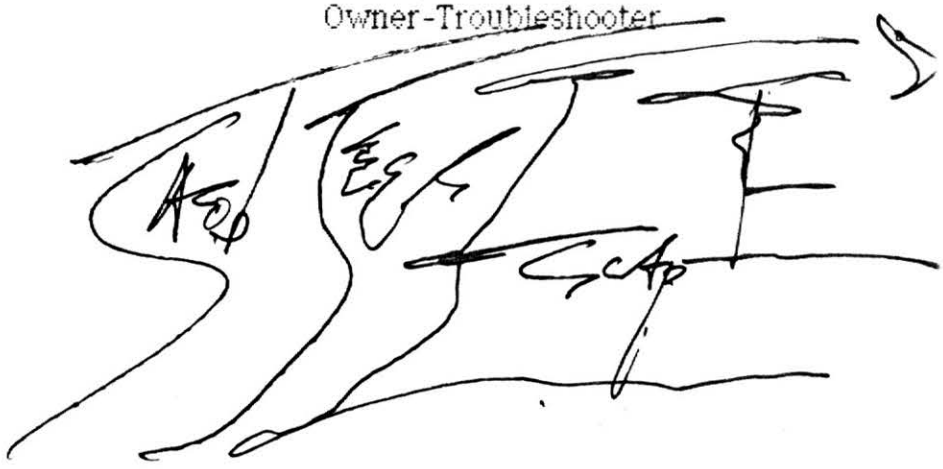
Your application was, by far, the most clever and philosophically sound. Who else would send no paper record of past jobs and experience? Who else would not care one bit if they got the job or not, **knowing** that they were the best candidate? Who else would remain so calm in the face of such turmoil and strife? I refer to your volunteer work with the socially dyslexic, artistically abrasive, egoidstically perplexed and perplexing, multi-wierdoalitied "Joel S.", or whatever the HELL his name is.

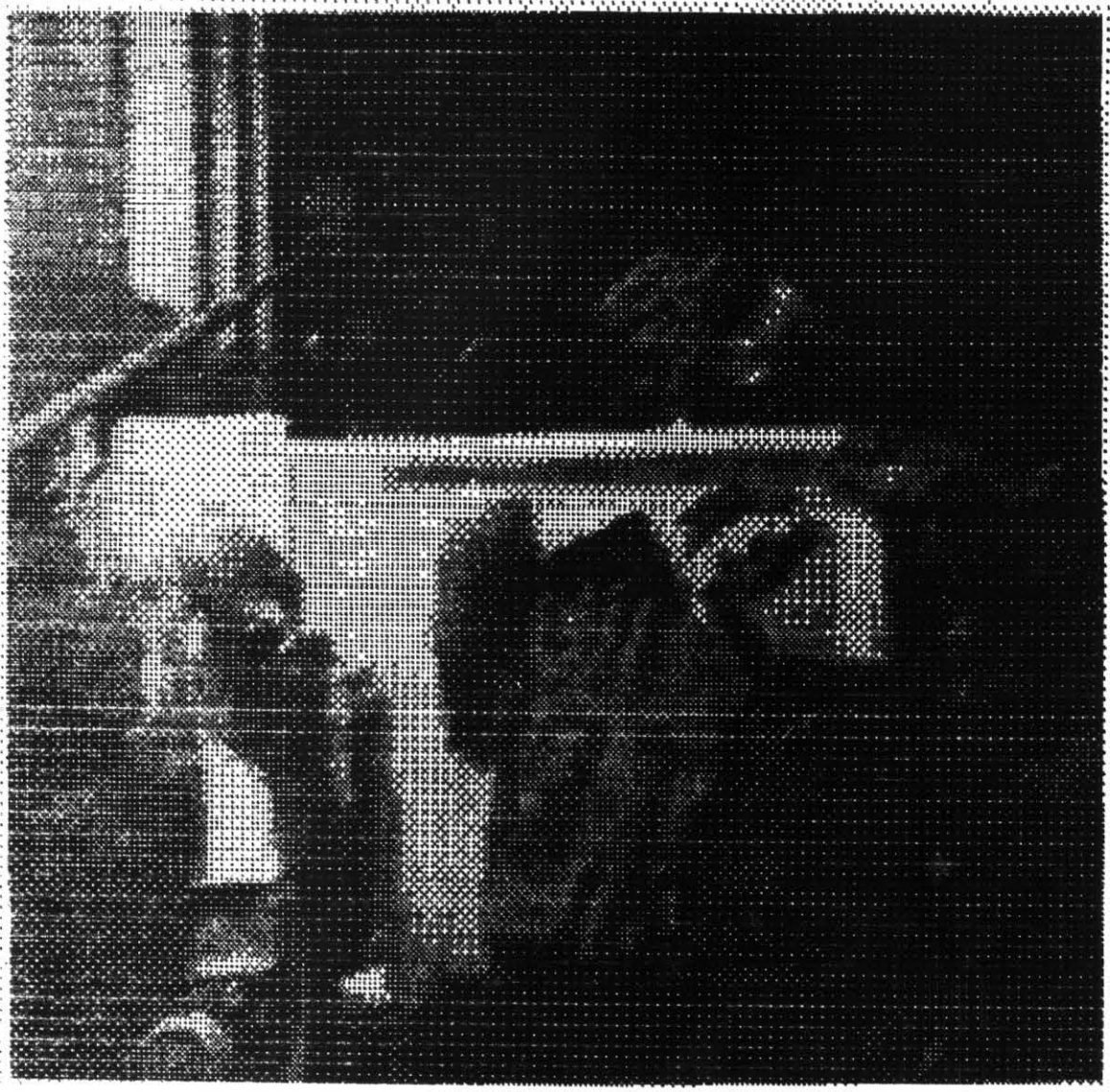
Your humanitarian efforts to humanize this strife-torn critter have not gone unnoticed. All of the technicians here at Jake's Mind Repair, Toby included, applaud your herculean efforts with this well-nigh hopeless, not quite hapless case.

We plead that you accept this position, realizing that your present salary and duties will change little. We at Jake's work, primarily, on one patient at a time, ourselves, but our technicians do consult on each other's cases and troubleshoot on strangers.

Of course, you know by now that we run a pretty darn bogus operation, and that we're offering you a title but no money, something that any self-respecting mind tech would turn down, so, hell, we're just **giving** you the job and the title whether you want it or not! Sure, you can leave town and go live alone in the mountains for fifty years, but you can't undo the good works you've done already, so you'll always remain our .....
Chief Mind Repair Technician !

Sorry,
Jacob Jesus Escape
Owner-Troubleshooter





MILK

A Collection of collections